



American Girl®

March/April 1996

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**YIP, YIP,
Yippee!**

*Alphabet
Design Winners*

GRR-eat!

*A Very Surprising
Party*

Bow WOW!

*A Funny
Puppy Story*

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Celebrating Girls, Yesterday and Today

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guessing from start
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On the Cover

Meet Kristin Hall, age 10. Kristin had a great time holding these Bernese mountain dog puppies. "They were so soft!" she says. At home, Kristin doesn't have a dog. The only pet in her house is her brother's tarantula!

Kristin Hall

Letters from You



Cool Collector

Thank you for your article on nutcracker collecting. I'm a nutcracker collector, too. I used to keep them out on display all year, but my collection got too big!

Faith Hoagland

Age 12, Feasterville, Pennsylvania



Whatchamacallit

In the November/December issue in "Land of Enchantment" you talked about *farolitos* as little lanterns and *luminarias* as blazing bonfires, but they're just the opposite.

Kristi Michels

Age 11, Wills Point, Texas

We found out that the names of these traditions vary from city to city in the southwest. In Santa Fe, *farolitos* and *luminarias* are the way we described them. But where you live, the names may indeed be the other way around.



Sweet Treats

I loved the candy houses made from milk cartons in the November/December

issue. The house I made was beautiful—before I ate it, of course! Try making houses for different holidays, too.

Stephanie Garland

Age 11, Harrah, Oklahoma



Fancy Packages

I really enjoyed the ribbon ringlet bows in the November/December issue. Here's a variation: instead of curling ribbon, use strips of wrapping paper. It takes practice to keep the paper from ripping when you curl it, but you end up having beautiful packages with matching bows.

Maria Lyserkova

Age 11, Buffalo, New York



Respect

I was touched that Rachel Pokorney wrote about her religion in the November/December issue. It gave me a better understanding of being Jewish. I hope all girls respect other people's religions.

Marcee Minster

Age 11, Orem, Utah

American Girl



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Silver Honor



EdPress



The National
Magazine
Awards Finalist

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Girls Express



Buzzword

American girls everywhere are using this buzzword this season:

concoction

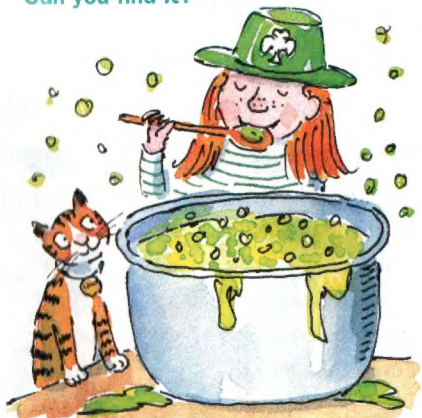
How to say it: con-COK-shun

What it means: a mixture of various ingredients

Where it comes from: The word *concoction* is a mixture of its own. It comes from the Latin *concoquere*. Just take the prefix *con-*, meaning "together," add *coquere*, which means "to cook," and stir!

One way to use it: "Erin knew her bubbly green concoction would make a perfect St. Patrick's Day punch."

The buzzword is tucked somewhere into this issue of *American Girl*. Can you find it?



Illustrations: Paul Meisel

Gone with the Wind

When Hilary Mason flies a kite, she isn't just daydreaming. As a stunt flier, the 12-year-old pushes and pulls her kite's two lines to make it swirl and zigzag in the sky. "I think of what I want to do," she says. "Then I send brain waves up there."

Hilary learned stunt kiting from her family—all active kite fliers from Savannah, Georgia. She competes in precision events, where she performs a set series of moves with her kite, and ballet events, where she choreographs kite routines to music. Figure eights and "clover squares," squares that loop at every corner, are two of her favorite moves.

Since kiting events are for all ages, Hilary often competes against adults in her novice division. For her, travel and meeting people, young and old, are the best parts of kiting. "It's just relaxing to be with your friends," she says. "It's like I have a second family!"

Hilary performs one of her prize-winning kite ballets to the song "Fantasy," by Mariah Carey.



What a Great Idea!



Jamie used an old idea—a lawn-mower handle—to build a better vacuum and shovel.

Jamie Villella knew her mother's arthritis made it painful for her to push their vacuum by its single, narrow handle. That got Jamie wondering: Why not put a lawn mower-type handle on the vacuum? That way her mom could use both hands.

That's how an inventor thinks. "When I hear about a problem, I think of ways to fix it," says Jamie, age 12.

Her E.Z. Vac solved the problem so well it won first place in North Dakota's Invention Convention. Jamie won her first award for an invention at age five. Since then, she's dreamed up a hat with a flip-down visor, a child-safe cabinet alarm, and a rooftop alarm that alerts neighbors to fires or burglars.

"Sometimes I come up with inventions that other people think are silly, but I try them anyway," says Jamie. "If you don't try, you won't know if you could have been the inventor of the next hula hoop."

It's a Girl Thing

In honor of Women's History Month this March, tip your thinking cap to these great inventors. Their brainstorms changed the world. So could yours!



3,000 B.C.

SeLing-She
invents
silk cloth



1845

Sarah Mather
invents sub-
marine lamp
and telescope



1871

Margaret
Knight invents
flat-bottomed
grocery bag



1933

Ruth Wakefield
invents
chocolate-chip
cookie



1994

Jan B. Svochak
invents bifocal
contact lens

Feeling Inventive? Look for the book *Girls & Young Women Inventing*, from Free Spirit Publishing. It tells the story of Jamie and 19 other girl inventors, gives tips on turning ideas into working inventions, and lists addresses for national invention contests you can enter. It even tells how to apply for a patent!



Moneymaker

"Here's a great moneymaker. Bake big batches of your favorite cookies. Wrap them in pairs in plastic wrap, and pack them in lunch bags marked with a price and the name of the cookie. You can sell them in dozens for about \$2 or in groups of two for 50 cents. Go around to different houses and businesses, and take a bag of cracked or broken cookies as samples."

Laura Brown

Age 13, Norwood, Colorado

If I Could Be a Robin

If I could be a robin,
I'd run and jump and play

If I could be a robin,
I'd eat worms all day

If I could be a robin,
I'd build a nest in a tree

But if I was a robin,
I wouldn't be me.

Margaret Pely

Age 12, Kansasville,
Wisconsin

What do dishwashers, diapers, windshield wipers, rolling pins, and fire escapes have in common? They were all invented by women!

True Story

Kim has a hair-blazing time at a Scout ceremony.



Dear American Girl,

One Monday I went to my Girl Scout meeting. We were having a candlelight ceremony to renew our Girl Scout promises, and before the ceremony we had one last practice. The girls stood shoulder to shoulder. My mom is the troop leader, and she lit our candles and walked to the back of the room while she explained what we were going to do. She was explaining it for about the fifth time, and I wasn't really listening. I was talking to my friend Lauren.

All of a sudden, someone yelled "Fire!" I turned around and saw this blaze beside me. My hair was on fire! My hair was long then, and it had swerved into my candle. I was so scared I just started running. You really shouldn't do that, but when your hair's on fire you can't think of anything. Anyway, my mom just freaked out. She ran after me, threw me down, and put out the fire by rubbing my hair against the carpet.

I was O.K. I had long bangs, and afterward I had to get them cut. The point of my story is that I learned I should listen to adults. Plus, now I always pull my hair back when I'm around candles!

Kimberly Blackwood

Age 13, Franklin, Tennessee

Eggstra, Eggstra

These eggs are to dye for! Use stick-on vinyl letters, available at hardware, office, and art supply stores, to give eggs your own style.

Dye an egg a light color and let it dry. Stick on the letters, being careful to press down the edges, and dip egg in a darker dye. Dry again and remove letters. Tip: You can use letters a couple of times before they lose their stickiness.

Spell a name, send a message, or make polka dots using letter Os and the dot from inside each O.

Either way, your eggs will be letter perfect!



A.G.'s

POLL



Your answers:

Look, up in the sky! It's a bird. It's a plane. Why, it's Super American Girl! Last winter we asked what magic power you'd choose to have if you were a superhero. Your super-powerful choices:

1. Fly
2. See the future
3. Be invisible

Next question:

Are you going to a sleep-away camp this summer?

☐ Yes ☐ No

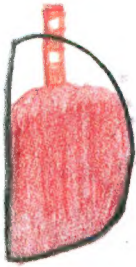
If you answered no, which statement best describes how you feel about sleep-away camp?

- a. I'd loooooove to go away to camp!
- b. I don't care that I'm not going.
- c. Sleep-away camp is not for me.



Cut out your answers and mail them to us.

More than 1,000 of you entered our Artistic ABC's contest. Together, our favorite letters make one great AG alphabet!



is for Drink

Elane Boggs

Age 9, Duxbury, Massachusetts



is for Exercise

Elizabeth Fitzgerald

Age 12, Charlotte, North Carolina



is for Freckles

Kim DeGregorio

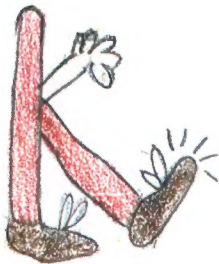
Age 13, Oakland, New Jersey



is for Games

Natalie Passanante

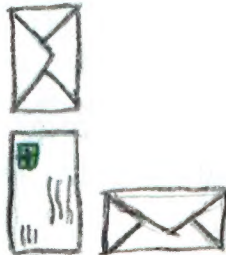
Age 12, St. Louis, Missouri



is for Kicks

Sarah Lees

Age 10, Noblesville, Indiana



is for Letters

Bethany Fisher

Age 11, Glen Spey, New York



is for Mouse

Amy Allen

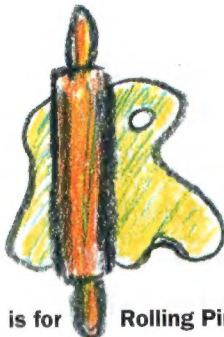
Age 9, Starkville, Mississippi



is for Neon

VIRGINIA REINHART

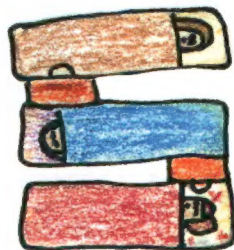
Age 10, Davis, California



is for Rolling Pin

Sharon Clay

Age 13, Lee's Summit, Missouri



is for Sleepovers

Leslie Schwartz

Age 12, Fremont, California



is for Tacos

Shannon Raggin

Age 8, Los Angeles, California



is for Universe

maggie machledt

Age 12, Indianapolis, Indiana



is for Yell

Kimberly Jackson

Age 10, Clifton Forge, Virginia



is for Zipper

Sarah Tipton

Age 9, Calera, Alabama

Contest!

Invent an Event

Create an Olympic event you could win. It could be the Late-for-the-School-Bus Dash or the Laundry-in-the-Hamper Slam Dunk. The sillier the better! Name and describe the event, and we'll print the most creative entries in the July/August 1996 issue. Please include your name and birthdate. DEADLINE: April 8, 1996.

Work, Work, Work!

Do you have more chores than Cinderella? Is there a way to do them faster? Can chores—gasp!—be fun?



My sister and I used to fight about who would

do the fewest chores. We'd take so long fighting, it took even longer to do the work. Then we started working together, and we got things done a lot faster.

Rachel Buckles
Age 11, Erwin, Tennessee



I used to think I got all the hard chores. One day

my brother finished his chores really quickly, and I was still doing mine. I got very upset. My dad asked me what was wrong, and when I told him he split the chores so I would have the same amount as my brother. My advice is talk it out with a parent first before you get upset.

Lydia Rembert
Age 13, Yorba Linda, California



Washing dishes is one of my chores. The bad part is

sticking your hand into a sink full of water to get a dish and feeling all the squishy food.

But I solved this problem. Before I wash the dishes, I rinse all of the food off them.



Ebony Edwards
Age 10, Aurora, Colorado



Get your chores done right away. If you procrastinate,

the chores don't go away. In fact, they just seem to get worse. Even if you get away with not mowing the lawn one day, on another day it'll still need to be done. Will the grass be any shorter? I wish!

Maryl Schock
Age 12, Lincoln, Nebraska



Chores are hard, but in my house it's the only way

to get an allowance. If everyone has a few chores, your parents won't have to do all of them.

Annie Pryer
Age 8, Cumberland, Maine



I take out the garbage one week and my

brother takes it out the other. But sometimes we forget who did it last, and we have a big fight about it. There are other chores that I do Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and he does Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. That works the best because we always know what day it is.



Stephanie Chao
Age 12, Richmond, Virginia



My parents made a chart with 25 squares, and each

square has a chore written on it. When I complete a chore, I cover it up with a piece of construction paper. We call it the Bingo Chore Chart—if I get a line or four corners for Bingo, I get a coupon for a prize.

Melissa Spanos

Age 13, Grantham, New Hampshire



We made a chore wheel from two circles of paper.

Each section on the big circle has two or three chores. Each section on the small circle has one of our names.

We spin the wheel, and then do the chores our name ends up by.



Julia DiIammarino

Age 9, Lexington, Massachusetts



When I have to clean my room

I turn on some music or a story tape. It makes the work go smoother and quicker.

Holley Halford

Age 11, Memphis, Tennessee



Pretend you're on a talk show explaining how

to do chores the right and organized way. It's a fun way to clean—and act!

Caitlyn Sweeney

Age 10, Marston Mills, Massachusetts



We do a pickup relay. My sister hands me some-

thing that belongs to me, I hand my brother something of his, and he gives my sister something of hers. We all put that thing away, until everything is cleaned. We time ourselves and see which day we were slow and which day we were fast. It's really fun that way.

Martinique Bishop

Age 13, Shelton, Washington



I don't think kids should do chores just for money.

Sometimes it's fun to rake leaves with a friend, plant flowers with your grandma, or wash dishes with your mom.

Molly Williams

Age 9, Dayton, Ohio



Sometimes when I do chores I think of how girls had to

do so many *more* chores in the past. We should feel lucky we don't have to do as many!

Julianne Thompson

Age 10, Los Angeles, California

Speak from Your Heart

Next subject: Stepfamilies.

Having a new stepparent or step-sibling can be wonderful—but it's not always easy. If you're part of a blended family, tell us about problems you've faced and solved. What tips can you give girls on getting along?

Send your answers, name, age, and a school picture to:

AmericanGirl

8400 Fairway Place

Middleton, WI 53562

Deadline: April 7, 1996. Some answers will appear in the July/August issue. ★



1864

Together We Sail

BY CONNIE PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN THOMPSON

All Addy's hopes seem shattered. Then
she discovers just what it takes to make
kites fly and dreams soar.





Addy sat on the floor, cutting paper for a kite she was making. It was Sunday afternoon, and her whole family—Momma, Poppa, Sam, and Esther—was together in their room in the boarding house. A strong spring breeze blew through the window and made the paper flutter.

"Ain't it something," said Addy, smoothing it down.

"Ain't what something?" asked Momma. She was sitting at the table with Poppa, cutting scraps of cloth for the kite's tail. Poppa was paring down strips of wood for the frame.

"All that go into making a kite—paper, glue, wood, string, cloth, this spool Sam bought me," Addy said. "Can't none of them fly, but all together they make something that can. It's like they all need each other to do it."

"It's kind of like a riddle," said Sam, who was down on the floor playing with Esther. "One by one they fail, but together they sail."

"I like that riddle," said Poppa. "Lots of things in life is like that."

"My kite is gonna sail the highest and longest at the kite festival next week," said Addy, beaming.

"I'm sure it'll do fine," said Poppa. "But it ain't going nowhere without a frame. You ready for the wood about now?"

"I'm ready," said Addy.

"I'm ready," Esther repeated, climbing over Sam and plopping down next to Addy.

"No, you can't help me, Esther," insisted Addy. She tried to pick Esther up and move her away.

"No!" screamed Esther. "I want to help."

"Now, you be nice to your sister, Addy," Momma said.

Addy let go. "I'm being nice to her," Addy said. "But she already knotted up some of my string and glued her fingers together."

"Addy, give me a piece of paper. I'll draw with her," Sam said. "Come here," he said, coaxing Esther back to him.

Poppa handed Addy the wood. She had to slide her paper under the table to make room.

"I can't wait until we move into our new place at the end of the month," Momma said. "We gonna have much more space."

Earlier in the week, the family had looked at the new apartment. Addy could hardly believe it. Two whole rooms! The apartment had a stove, so Momma could make their meals. There were four long windows that let in plenty of sunlight. The rent would cost an extra three dollars a month. With Poppa, Momma, and Sam working, they could afford it, but there wouldn't be any extra money. Addy loved the new apartment, but worried about leaving her boarding-house friends.

"I'm gonna miss M'Dear and the Goldens," Addy said now.

"We only moving a few blocks away," said Momma. "You can come back and visit whenever you want."

"It won't be the same," sighed Addy. She made a cross of the two pieces of wood and began binding them together with string.

"Wait," Poppa said. "Your frame ain't square." He got down on the floor next to Addy. "It's a little crooked." Poppa shifted the wood and held it while Addy tied the frame together.

Addy pulled the paper out and began gluing it to the frame. She was almost done when Esther got up and tripped over the frame, bending it and tearing the paper.

"Look what you done!" Addy yelled. "You ruined it!"

"Sorry, Addy," said Esther, backing away. "It broke."

"And you broke it! You mess up everything!" cried Addy.

"And you broke it! You mess up everything!" cried Addy.

"Addy, that's enough," Momma scolded. "Put that kite up and come here to me."

Addy placed her bent kite on her bed and sank into a chair next to Momma.

"I don't like you talking to your sister like that. She didn't mean to step on your kite," Momma said. She was holding Esther on her lap.

"Momma, she don't never mean to do stuff, but she do it," Addy complained. "She go through my school sack, break my slate pencils. Last week she tore a page out my speller."

"Oh, Addy, your sister love you, and she touch your things because she want to be *like* you," explained Momma. "She want to be a big girl and go to school like you do."

"I'm a big girl," said Esther.

"You ain't. You a baby," said Addy.

"She *is* a baby, so you got to be patient with

her," said Momma. "She don't know better. You got to put your school sack away where she can't get it."

"Well, maybe that'll be something good about us moving," said Addy. "I'll have more room to keep my things from Esther."

"You gonna have a room to go in and do your school lessons, too," Momma said.

"That's right," Sam said. "You keep up with them high marks you getting, and you gonna end up a teacher like you want."

Addy smiled. "I hope so," she said. She gave Esther a hug. "The kite festival ain't until Wednesday. I can get the kite done before then, if Esther leave it alone."



At the end of the school day on Monday, Addy and the other children were packing up their sacks when Miss Dunn asked for their attention.

"I know you boys and girls are excited about the kite festival on Wednesday," Miss Dunn said. "Let's hope for a windy day."

Harriet, Addy's desk partner, whispered to Addy, "My kite is going to be the best. My father had it made for me out of expensive white paper. It's going to float above everybody else's like a butterfly." Harriet fluttered her fingers.

"It ain't gonna be the best because it cost the most," Addy whispered back. "My poppa ain't have somebody make my kite. He helped me."

Addy was startled when Miss Dunn clapped her hands together sharply.

"Addy," Miss Dunn said. "I need to see you after school."



Addy slid down in her seat. It wasn't fair! Harriet had started it, and now Addy was the one being kept after school. Glancing at Harriet, Addy saw a crooked smirk on her face.

"You, too, Harriet," Miss Dunn said. "I need to see you after school as well."

"But, Miss Dunn, I didn't do anything," Harriet protested.

"That's enough, Harriet," Miss Dunn said. "The rest of you are dismissed."

It was Addy who smirked this time. At least Harriet had gotten caught, too.

After all the other students were gone, Miss Dunn called Harriet and Addy up to her desk. She had a stern look on her face.

"I want you girls to know, I didn't keep you after school for talking, though I could have," Miss Dunn said. Then she smiled. "You girls

have had a wonderful year of studies. That's why I've recommended you both for the Institute for Colored Youth for the fall!"

Addy and Harriet squealed in delight.

"Miss Dunn, you serious?" asked Addy.

"I most certainly am," replied Miss Dunn. She handed each girl a letter. "I want each of you to take this home," Miss Dunn said. "Give it to your parents. It explains more about the school. Congratulations."

Addy walked away from Miss Dunn's desk shaky with excitement. Ever since she had heard about the Institute for Colored Youth, the I.C.Y., she'd dreamt of going there. The I.C.Y. trained black students to be teachers. She would be a *teacher*, just like Miss Dunn!

With the letter grasped tightly in her hand, Addy grabbed her school sack. She couldn't

wait to tell everybody the good news. She raced down the school steps, leaping off the third step from the bottom and flying into the air. Then she took off running down the street.

"Wait for me!" Harriet called.

Addy had not even seen her. She stopped and carefully placed the letter inside one of her books while she waited for Harriet.

"Isn't it great that we'll be going to the I.C.Y.?" Harriet exclaimed.

"It seem like a dream," Addy said.

"I always knew I would get in," said Harriet. "I am the smartest student in the class."

Ten dollars! Addy thought. There ain't no way we can afford that.

"One of the smartest," Addy said.

"Well, the truth is," said Harriet, "I'm glad you're going, too. I'll have to work my hardest to stay ahead of you."

Addy smiled. Coming from Harriet, that was a compliment. As the girls approached a corner, Harriet said, "Let's walk by the I.C.Y.! It's only a few blocks from here."

When they came to the small brick building that was the I.C.Y., Harriet said, "My family knows Mr. Bassett, the principal. He was at our house for dinner last week, and he said education is the only way colored people will get ahead. My parents told him the cost of attending the I.C.Y. is well worth it."

"What cost?" asked Addy. "Miss Dunn

didn't say nothing about it costing."

"Oh, it does. Ten dollars a year," Harriet said confidently. "Mr. Bassett said the Quakers used to fund the school, but now colored people are paying for it. Well, I've got to get on home. You want to walk with me?" asked Harriet.

Addy shook her head and mumbled, "I'm going the other way." She waited while Harriet skipped off down the block. With a trembling hand, she pulled out the letter and slowly lifted the wax seal. Her heart racing, she read the letter quickly. She came to a dead stop right in the middle. "The cost of ten dollars a year can be met..."

Ten dollars! Addy thought. *There ain't no way Momma and Poppa can afford that, not with us moving to a new apartment. Why did Harriet have to be right?*

Addy crumpled up the letter and stuffed it in her sack. There was no point in rushing to tell anyone the news. She would give the letter to Momma and Poppa maybe after they moved. With her head down, Addy set off for home.



On Wednesday, Addy sat at her desk, gazing out the window. It was windy, and the trees, with their bright new leaves of green, swayed before the window. It would have been a great day to fly a kite, but it was raining and showed no signs of letting up. Every now and then there was a grumble of thunder, and a flash of light brightened the sky.

A boy raised his hand. "Miss Dunn, can we fly our kites anyway? We can do like Benjamin

Franklin did when he discovered electricity," he said.

"No," Miss Dunn said. "We won't be tying keys to our kite strings and going out in the rain. It's too dangerous. The kite festival must be postponed until tomorrow."

Addy looked at the kites lined up in front of the room. Harriet's stood out from the rest. It was all white with a long white tail. It looked perfect, like it could sail all the way to the moon. Addy's kite was next to Harriet's. The frame was a bit lopsided, not quite square, Poppa would say. It had a tail of many colors. There was a piece of brown cloth from one of Sam's old shirts, scraps of red left over from dresses Momma made for Addy and Esther, and black strips from when Momma had hemmed a pair of Poppa's pants. Addy sighed and rested her face in her hands. *Harriet was right, Addy thought. Her kite is the best. Mine won't stand a chance against hers.*

At recess later that morning, Harriet caught her by the arm.

"My parents have an appointment for us to tour the I.C.Y.," said Harriet. "When are you and your parents going?"

Addy paused before she answered. She remembered reading something in the letter about a visit for parents.

"Oh, we going on Saturday when they get off work," Addy said. She couldn't look at Harriet. She felt bad about lying.

"That's great," Harriet said. "That's when we're going. I told Miss Dunn this morning, and she'll be there, too. She can introduce us to all the teachers, even though I don't really need to be introduced because I'm sure



Mr. Bassett has told them all about me."

Addy went to the back of the room where Miss Dunn kept a crock of cool water and took a long drink. She watched as Harriet joined a group of her friends. Harriet did work hard, but things also came easily to her, good things. She was smart, and had so many friends. Her family had money. Even though Harriet liked to brag, she wasn't a bad person. She would make a good teacher.

But for Addy the dream was over. She knew she must destroy the letter she had crumpled up. It would only make her parents feel bad because they couldn't afford to send her. She would make up an excuse on Monday to tell Harriet and Miss Dunn about why she hadn't come to the I.C.Y. on Saturday. Addy would be ashamed if everyone at school knew her family

Kites get their name from the graceful, gliding kite bird.





was too poor to pay the money, not when ten dollars didn't seem to be anything to Harriet's family. Back at her seat, Addy looked through her school sack for the letter, but it was gone.



At dinner that night, Addy sat next to Sam, pushing chicken and dumplings around her plate. For dessert, Mrs. Golden had made a huge blackberry cobbler, but Addy only poked at its shiny top crusted with sugar, and was surprised when Poppa stood up and tapped his glass with a fork to get the attention of the Goldenes, M'Dear, and the other boarders.

"I got a announcement to make," Poppa said. "As most of you know, me and my family had planned on moving out at the end of the month,

but there's been a change of plans. We gonna be staying on here for at least another year."

Addy looked at Poppa. This was news to her. "Our Addy is going to the I.C.Y. in the fall. She gonna be a teacher!" Poppa said in a booming voice.

Everyone clapped, and Addy looked over at Momma, who was smiling and crying all at the same time. Addy was stunned. Before she knew what was happening, she was being hugged by everybody, kissed by everybody. All the while she was wondering how Poppa had found out.

When the family went upstairs after dinner, Momma pulled out the crumpled letter from Miss Dunn.

"Where did you get it?" asked Addy.

"Esther. She gave it to me this morning

after you left for school," Momma said.
"Honey, why did you try to hide it from us?"

Addy explained, "I ain't think we could afford it. Momma, ten dollars is more than you make in two months. I was shamed to tell Harriet and Miss Dunn that we poor."

"We *is* poor," Sam said. "There ain't no shame in that. We work hard for our money, like you work hard at your lessons. You should have told us about the school."

Poppa kneeled down next to Addy. "We all proud of you, and whatever it take for you to go to the I.C.Y., we gonna do it."

"We'll be all right in the boarding house. We together here, a family. That's what matter," Momma said.

"Come here," Addy called to her sister, who was down on the floor writing on Addy's slate.

Esther sprang up. "See, I write like you, Addy," she said.

"I see," Addy said, looking at the scribbles Esther had made. She gave Esther a hug.
"Thanks for wanting to be like me."



he next day at school, the weather was perfect for the kite festival. A strong wind blew steadily. Sailing in a patch of clear blue sky, one kite flew high above all the others. It was a little lopsided and had a tail of many colors. Addy stood far, far below it, letting out more and more string from the spool. She smiled proudly and glanced over to where Harriet was trying to sail her kite. All day, it had never gotten more than a few feet off the ground before it crashed.

"I can help you," Addy called to Harriet.

"I don't need any help." Harriet said. Then she sighed loudly. "Yes, I do."

Addy handed Harriet her spool, so she could see what was wrong with Harriet's kite.

"I think the tail too long. It's heavy," Addy said. "If it's trimmed, I think it'll fly good."

"I believe you," Harriet said. "You must know something about kites."

Addy smiled, and snapped off half of Harriet's kite tail. Then she took off running, faster and faster as the kite lifted up, dipped slightly, and then began sailing upward. It pulled and tugged at the string as it rose higher. Rushing back to Harriet, Addy handed Harriet her kite and took her own back.

Harriet said, "You have the best kite here. How did you get yours to fly so high?"

"My family," Addy said. "Together we sail."

"What does that mean?" asked Harriet.

"Everything," Addy said, taking off to race in the wind with her kite. "I'll see you on Saturday at the I.C.Y." ★

Meet the Author

Connie Porter



When I was growing up, my family did not have much money. Yet I don't remember feeling ashamed the way Addy did at first. My parents always taught me that who you are is more important than what you have. Today, I often tell children the same thing.

Connie Porter is the author of the Addy books in The American Girls Collection.



A Dream to Succeed

One gifted teacher lived her dream by helping students like Addy reach for their dreams, too.

For African-American girls and boys in Addy's time, being accepted into the Institute for Colored Youth, known as the I.C.Y., was an exciting opportunity. It was one of the few schools in America where black students could get an excellent education—thanks in part



to one of its teachers, Fanny Jackson Coppin.

Fanny was a remarkable woman and teacher. In 1869 she was named principal of the I.C.Y.—the first African-American school principal ever. But this achievement was only a small part of what made her so special.

Like Addy, Fanny was raised in slavery. Her Aunt Sarah, who earned only six dollars a month, saved \$125 to buy Fanny's freedom. As a girl, Fanny worked hard to educate herself. By the time she was a teenager, she had one dream: "To get an education and teach my people."

In 1860, Fanny enrolled in Oberlin College, in Ohio, where she

was a top student. After graduation, she went to the I.C.Y. to teach—and soon became one of its most popular teachers.

Fanny's students loved the stories and poems she made up to teach everything from the Ten Commandments to the parts of speech. One of Fanny's favorite teaching poems began:

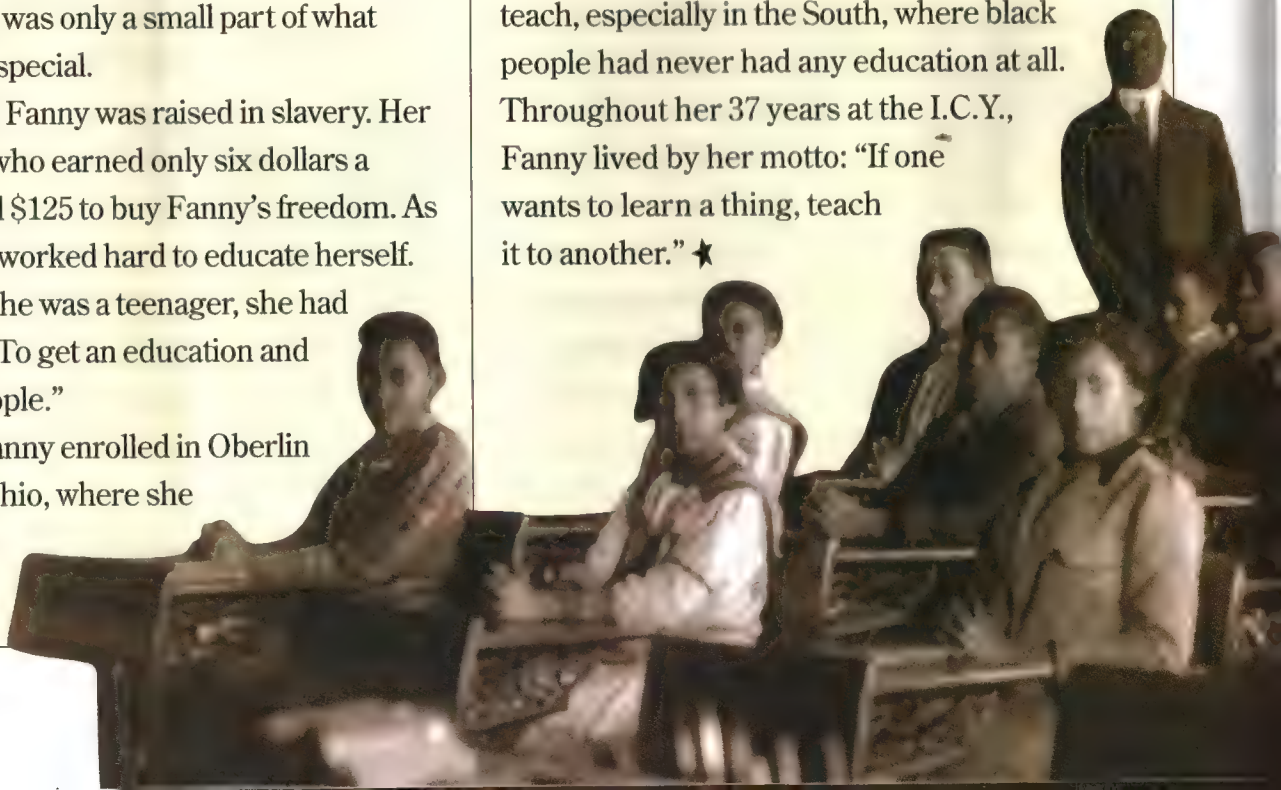
"A noun is the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*."

Fanny encouraged her students to help one another. She urged I.C.Y. graduates to teach, especially in the South, where black people had never had any education at all. Throughout her 37 years at the I.C.Y., Fanny lived by her motto: "If one wants to learn a thing, teach it to another." ★



The I.C.Y. in Philadelphia

I.C.Y. students in the early 1900s



Hairstyle Heritage

Discover the historical “roots” of girls’ hairstyles and some new twists for your hair today!

Headbands



The style shown here is called the Alice in Wonderland look, because illustrations of Alice made headbands very popular with girls in the 1860s.

Like Alice, most American girls didn’t wear bangs in the 1860s. When bangs did become really popular in the 1880s, they were the waved, frizzed, or curly “corkscrew” kind.

In the 1800s, girls used the word *bang* as a verb, as in “She *banged* her hair.” No one seems to know how bangs got their name. But we do know *bangs* is a very American word, since the British have another word for bangs: *fringe*!



Braids



How old is she? Is she married or single? Until the early 1900s, a hairstyle could help answer these questions.

An American girl usually wore her hair long and loose, or in simple braids that were sometimes called *plaits*. A girl's hair accessories

often included ribbons for everyday wear, or wreaths of fresh flowers for special events.

When she reached age 15 or 16, a girl began to put her hair up. After marriage, she *always* wore her hair pinned up in fancier styles or covered with a bonnet.

The African-American tradition of putting a girl's hair into many tiny braids started thousands of years ago in Africa. When the style came to America, it was called *cornrows* because the braids looked like rows of corn in a field!

Try the easiest "braids" ever!

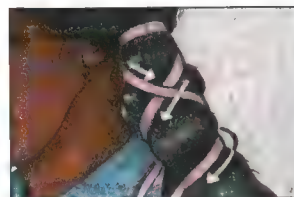
You'll need: a comb, 2 elastic holders, 2 pieces of ribbon, yarn, or colorful string, each at least 24 inches long



1 Make a pigtail on each side of your head. Fasten with holders just below your ears.



2 Loop 1 piece of yarn around the first pigtail holder and tie it in a knot in the back.



3 Then crisscross the 2 tails of the yarn from the back of the pigtail to the front. Continue crisscrossing all the way down the pigtail, until you reach the end.



4 Tie the end in a knot around the bottom of the "braid." Clip off the extra yarn. Repeat steps 2, 3, and 4 on the other side.



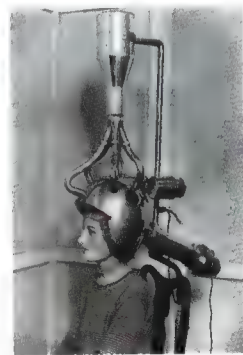
Bobs

A new, shorter style called the *bob* was the rage for women and girls in the 1920s. Some say bobs became popular because women needed short hair for factory work during World War One. Others say that having shorter hair was a way for women to show they wanted freedoms that men enjoyed.



Straight hairpins wouldn't stay put in bobbed hair, so a new kind of pin was needed—the wavy-edged *bobby pin*! Girls today love the sparkly versions of this popular hair accessory.

In the 1920s, the first electric hair dryers were also introduced. Some looked like the huge mechanical monster shown here. Others were sold as attachments to vacuum cleaners!



Give your old part a new slant!

You'll need: wet hair, a comb, clips, a blow-dryer, and a friend, because this style is easier if someone helps you. Here's what she should do:



1 Comb wet hair forward over face. Starting at the crown of the hair, make a diagonal 1-inch part toward the left.



2 Starting where the part ends, comb the hair to the right.



3 Make another diagonal part toward the right.



4 Starting where that part ends, comb the hair to the left. Repeat steps 1 through 4 until all the hair is parted. Use clips to hold the sides of the hair in place while it's blow-dried.



Curls

By the 1930s, the bob was losing popularity, and girls began growing—and curling—their hair. Girls have always loved curls—but they haven't always loved creating them!

To make long sausage curls, girls wound their hair around metal rods that were heated over the stove—the first curling irons. Girls also twisted wet hair around rags or bobby

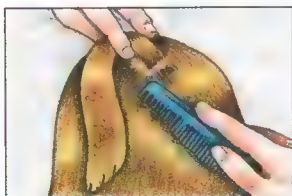
pins and let it dry overnight.

Until the 1930s, girls made do with all sorts of unpleasant ways of washing their hair, using harsh soap chips, runny eggs, and even greasy animal fat! Then, in the '30s, some companies developed gentler ways to wash hair. The Helene Curtis company ad said: "Don't launder your hair—shampoo it!"



Give your hair a classic curl!

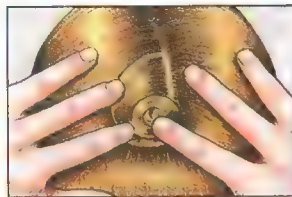
You'll need: wet hair, a comb, bobby pins



1 Use the comb to separate a small section of hair. Hold this section of hair between your thumb and index finger.



2 Twist this section of hair into a curlie by winding it tightly around the index finger on your right hand.



3 Keep winding the curlie. Carefully slide your finger out of the curlie. With your other hand, flatten the curlie against your head.



4 Secure the curlie with 2 bobby pins crisscrossed over the center. Keep going until all your hair is in pin curls. It's best to let your hair dry overnight. In the morning, unpin it, and let the curls fly!



Ponytails

Girls have tied back their hair for hundreds of years. But in the late 1950s, this old style got a new name: the *ponytail*. Ponytails have been popular ever since. American girls have worn ponytails up high, to the side, down low, and with plenty of pretty bows.

Today, girls have lots of choices about how

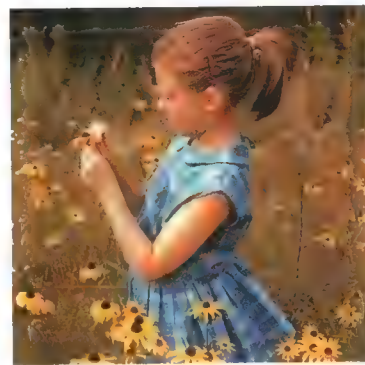
they wear their hair—thanks to changes that took place in the 1960s.

A hairdresser named Vidal Sassoon disliked the fussy curled, teased, and sprayed styles women—and girls—often wore. In fact, he felt girls often looked better *before* they got their hair done! So Sassoon started cutting simple bobs again—haircuts that didn't need curlers or lots of hair spray to look good. Sassoon's new *wash-and-go styles* became very popular—and still are today.

How do you wear your hair? Long and loose, with lots of layers, or in a swifty short cut? It's up to you, because today there are only two hair rules to follow: Do your best to keep your hair clean and healthy, and choose a style that makes *you* smile! ★

Sweet stuff

Fruity ponytail holders give hair a fun, fresh look. Add pizzazz to a plain ponytail by using two—or even three—holders that look great together.



A Very Surprising

Fool your friends with a party full of treats and astonishing stunts!

Invitation

Wrap a small box in wrapping paper (Jello boxes work well). Have an adult help you cut a wide slot in the top of the box. Write the party details on a long strip of crepe paper. Roll up the crepe paper and tuck it into the box. Be sure to leave the tail end hanging out. Staple or glue a piece of paper to the tail end, and write "Pull gently!" on it.



Come to a very surprising party at Andrea's

Party

of tricky



Decorations

Cover the table with a colorful tablecloth. To make confetti place mats, cut a piece of clear contact paper about 18 inches long. Peel off the backing and sprinkle confetti on the sticky side. Cut another 18-inch piece of clear contact paper and place it on top of the first piece, sticky sides together.

Rub to remove any air bubbles, and trim the edges. Set brightly colored plates, napkins, and utensils on top. Sprinkle confetti all around.

On place cards, replace each guest's first name with a surprising word, like "Yikes Jones" or "Eek McCall." Tell guests to shout their word every time they're surprised!

Magic Powder Madness

Get your party off to a surprising start with this crazy concoction. Before the party, pour 2 cups of cornstarch into a mixing bowl. After guests have arrived, slowly add about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water and a few drops of food color. Stir until the mixture becomes smooth. If it's too watery, add more cornstarch. If it's too thick, add more water. Invite guests to play with

the mixture in different ways. They'll be surprised by what happens! When they dip their fingers in very slowly, it seems liquid. If they poke the mixture quickly, it seems thick and solid. Why? Most liquids get thicker as they get colder, but this mixture also gets thicker depending on how hard you touch it.



Serve these surprising snacks!



Knockout Punch

Watch this tangy punch change color!

You will need:


- Small bowl, punchbowl
- Large spoon
- 1 envelope Kool-Aid Great Blue-dini flavor drink mix
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- 1 cup lemonade
- 1 2-liter bottle of lemon-lime soda

Empty the Kool-Aid mix into the small bowl and set it aside. Scoop the ice cream into the punchbowl. Add the lemonade. Slowly add the soda. The punch will become frothy. Ask the guests to stand around the punchbowl right before you serve it. Slowly stir the light-green Kool-Aid into the punch and watch it turn bright blue!

I Scream Cones

These creamy cones are really cake in disguise!

You will need:

-  An adult to help
- 1 box cake mix
- 12 wafer ice cream cones (must be flat on the bottom)
- Muffin tin
- Whipped topping
- Confetti sprinkles

Prepare the cake mix and preheat oven according to the directions on the box. Place 1 cone in each cup of a muffin tin. Pour the batter into the cones, filling them about $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Bake for about 20 minutes, until cake is not sticky on top. Let cool, then top with whipped topping and sprinkles.



Cool Cupcakes

They look like cupcakes, but don't believe your eyes!

You will need:

- 2 pints ice cream
- 12 paper cupcake liners
- Muffin tin
- 1 tub frosting
- Confetti sprinkles

Let ice cream soften for about half an hour. Place cupcake liners in muffin tin. Spoon softened ice cream into liners. Freeze until solid. Decorate ice cream with frosting and sprinkles.



Play these amazing games!

Stunning Stunts

Make these astounding activities into a razzle-dazzle relay race!



1 Racing Raisins

The night before the party, spread a handful of raisins on a paper towel to dry out. Right before the game, give each guest a raisin and a tall, clear glass filled with carbonated water. When you say, "Ready, set, swim!" have each girl drop her raisin into the water. Soon the bubbles in the water will make the raisins swim up and down! Ask each girl to keep track of her raisin. After it rises to the top 10 times, she can go on to the Egg-citing trick.



2 It's Egg-citing!

Before the party, cover a table with newspaper. Set out 1 paper plate and 1 hard-boiled egg for each guest and a few salt shakers. Have each guest shake a small mound of salt onto her plate and stand the egg on its end in the salt. When she gently blows the salt away from her egg, the egg will look like it is standing by itself! This may take a couple of tries. When her egg is balanced, she can go on to the String Along.

3 String Along



This game is a fun way to hand out favors. Before the party, tie the end of a piece of string to a small party favor and hide it. Then wind the string through the whole room. Be sure to go around chairs and table legs, under pillows, and over the couch. Tie a card to the other end of the string and wind a string for each guest. Ask each guest to find her name card at the end of a string and follow her string through the room, winding it up as she goes. The surprise will be waiting for her at the end!



Red-Hot Mind-Reading Trick

Finish the party with an astonishing stunt. Explain this trick to one guest before the party. At the party, pick her to be your assistant. Tell the girls you are going to read their minds. Leave while they pick an object in the room. When you come back in, your assistant will point to different objects. Say "No" after each one. Then she will point to a red object. That's your clue—the NEXT thing she points to will be the correct one. When she points to it, shout "Yes!" Repeat this trick with the same assistant until the group figures out your secret. If they're stumped, tell them there's a clue in the name of the trick!



Favors

Your party favors should be surprising, too! Magic tricks, Silly Putty, scented crayons and markers, confetti soap, and Gak make good favors. ★

Adventures On-line



By Janese Swanson

Meet kids across America. Tour famous museums. Get homework help. How? Take a trip on the Information Superhighway. AG will lead the way!

How to Get There

The **Information Superhighway** is a name for the **Internet**, an international network of computers connected by phone lines and satellite links.

Tapping into the Internet is called going **on-line**.

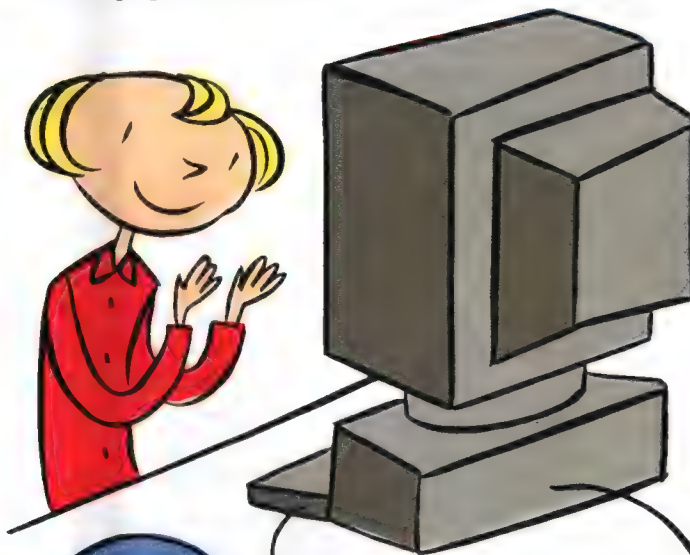
You can go on-line with the equipment below.

Service provider

To go on-line, your family must sign up with an **Internet service provider**. These companies act as “doors” to the Internet.

You pay a monthly fee to the service provider for a certain amount of time on-line. Providers like America Online and Prodigy are especially good for girls, since they have lots of information and games just for kids.

Computer



Password

When you go on-line, you'll need to choose a **password**. Never tell anyone your password. If someone knew your password, she could use your account. Then *you* would have to pay for all the time *she* spends on-line!

Phone line



Modem

A **modem** connects your computer to your phone, and lets your computer “talk” to other computers over the phone line.

You're Off!

A trip on-line begins by switching on the computer and starting the modem. Once you're connected, you can send and receive messages, or get information. It all depends on where you go.

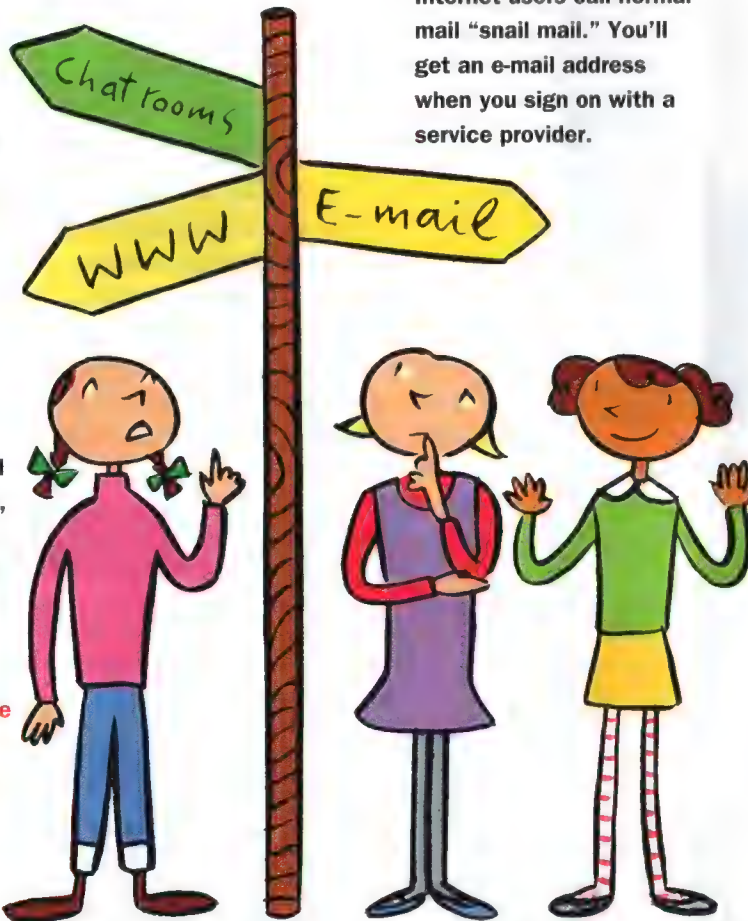
Chat rooms

are **sites**, or places, where you can exchange typed messages with other people who share your interests. America Online offers lots of chat rooms for kids in an area called Kids Only.

The World Wide Web

is a huge collection of sites containing information posted by people, schools, museums, and businesses. You can reach them by typing in their **Internet address**. Tour a museum, for example, by typing this address:

<http://sunsite.unc.edu/louvre>

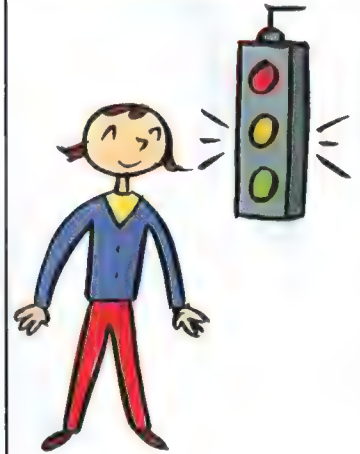


E-mail

is a way of sending letters over the telephone lines. It's so much faster than the Post Office that some Internet users call normal mail "snail mail." You'll get an e-mail address when you sign on with a service provider.

Rules of the Road

Every day, you follow etiquette rules that tell you how to act in certain situations. On-line, you need to follow special **net-etiquette** rules, too.



Be Safe

Since you can't see people on-line, you can't be sure who they are. To stay safe, don't give out your first and last name, your mailing address, your phone number, or your school. If a message makes you feel uncomfortable, tell an adult **immediately**.

Be Thoughtful

Though you can't see them, people on-line read what you write. So don't be rude, and don't type in all capital letters. That's like yelling on-line. **SEE WHAT WE MEAN?**

Remember, while you're on-line your phone is **busy**. Set a schedule with your parents.

Be Patient

Some sites can be slow to show up on your screen, and they don't always work the first time. Keep trying!



Finding Your Way

There is no map to lead you around the Internet. Instead, you'll type addresses and do some computer "surfing" to get where you want to go.

Got the right address?

World Wide Web and e-mail addresses can look a bit like alphabet soup, but every letter and symbol is important, so be sure to type carefully! Also, remember that Internet



addresses never have any spaces between letters or symbols.

Instead of addresses, America Online uses **keywords**, like **kids**, **cartoons**, and **homework**, to lead you through its sites.

Wandering on the Web

You can also find your way around the World Wide Web by pointing your mouse on images or underlined words and clicking. This lets you jump, or **surf**, directly to a new site that has information about that word or picture.

For a list of some great sites to start surfing, turn the page!

Super Sites

Here are our favorite Internet sites—with their addresses in blue—and readers' favorites, too. If you find a super site, send the address our way!



International Kids' Space

<http://plaza.interport.net:80/kids-space/>

This site is called a **launch site**. Why? By pointing and clicking on underlined words within this site, you can "blast off" to hundreds of other sites designed just for kids.



Global Show-n-Tell

<http://emma.manymedia.com:80/show-n-tell/index.html>

Take a "stroll" through this gallery filled with art from kids around the world. Find out how you can show your stuff, too!



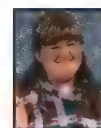
Klutz Press

<http://www.klutz.com/index2.html>

The makers of these popular kids' books invite you to peek into their pages and play some great games featured in their *Kids Travel* book. Learn to juggle, too!



Kids Only



America Online

keyword: Kids

I'm in a club called the Horse Lovers Sim Club, called HLC, where we all pretend to own—and even race—all kinds of horses.

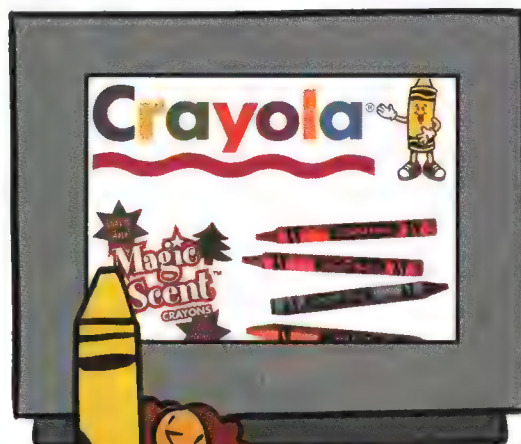
Karen Bencke
Age 14, Bartlesville, Oklahoma



KidsWeb

<http://www.infomall.org/kidsweb/>

This on-line library created just for kids is grouped by arts, sciences, and other school topics. You'll find information like writer's tips, biographies of famous people, and even a guided tour of the human heart!



Crayola

<http://www.crayola.com/crayola/>

This colorful site offers crayon trivia questions, the history of Crayola crayons—and tips on removing crayon marks from just about anything!

Academic Assistance Center

America Online keyword: Homework

Teachers are waiting to answer your questions in Academic Assistance Rooms on weekdays. Hours are posted each week.



Nickelodeon Online



America Online keyword: **Nickelodeon**
If you're a Nick lover like me, check out

Nickelodeon Online. I love the games in the Smorgasboards section!

Frances McKelvey
Age 9, Rochester, Massachusetts



Web66

<http://web66.coled.umn.edu/schools.html>

Want to know what's happening at schools in America or all over the world? This site lists the American and international schools on-line and their e-mail addresses. Send a message and you might find new pals around the country or around the world!



WebMuseum

<http://sunsite.unc.edu/louvre/>

Here's your chance to view paintings from all over the world—including the famous *Mona Lisa* in Paris! You can get information about the paintings and the artists, too.

Cartoon Network Online



America Online keyword: **Cartoon**

I love reading what other kids have to say about my

favorite show, *Scooby Doo!*

Kelly Rider
Age 9, Glenmont, New York



American Girl is going on-line!

Starting **May 1, 1996**, look for our new site on the World Wide Web. Here's the address:

<http://www.pleasantco.com>

Come visit us on-line, and help dream up future issues of AG! ★



Know the Language?

In some sites, kids can post messages. A **newbie**—a girl who's new to the Internet—can sometimes find them downright confusing! Here are a few translations:

Smileys

Typed "faces" help people on-line express emotions. Hint: Tilt your head to the left to see the expressions!

:-D

smile

Type this:

colon :

hyphen -

capital **D**

:-(

frown

Type this:

colon :

hyphen -

parenthesis (

;-D

laughter

Type this:

semicolon ;

hyphen -

capital **D**

;-)

wink

Type this:

semicolon ;

hyphen -

parenthesis)

Acronyms

Typing can be tiring, so people sometimes use letters to stand for phrases.

Laughing Out Loud

Great joke! I'm **LOL!**

Any Day Now

The package will come **ADN**.

But Maybe Not

I might go, **BMN**.

Bye For Now

Got homework, so **B4N**.

See You

Can't wait to **CU!**


Cooking

Bake a Bouquet!

These bright flowers have a sweet surprise inside.

Cookies

YOU WILL NEED

-  An adult to help you


Ingredients

- 1 stick ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) butter, softened
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 12 bite-size candy bars without nuts
- 12 wooden craft sticks

Equipment

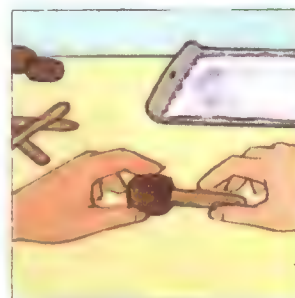
- Mixing bowl
- Wooden spoon
- Measuring cup
- Aluminum foil
- Cookie sheets



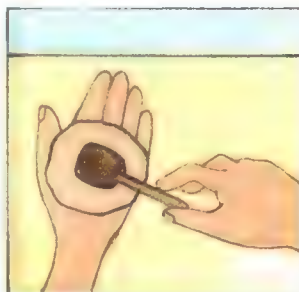
- 1**  Wash hands. Preheat oven to 325 degrees. In the mixing bowl, stir softened butter and brown sugar together until blended.



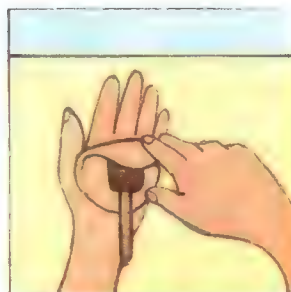
- 2** Stir in flour. Form the dough into a ball in the bowl with your hands. If the dough is sticky, stir in more flour, 1 tablespoon at a time.



- 3** Cover a cookie sheet with a piece of aluminum foil. Unwrap candy bars. Insert a wooden stick into the side of each candy bar.




- 4** Place a tablespoon of dough in the palm of your hand. Flatten it into a disk. Place 1 of the candies on a stick in the center of the dough disk.



- 5** Wrap the dough completely around the candy. Make the other pops the same way. Place cookie pops on the cookie sheet. Slightly flatten each pop with the palm of your hand.



- 6**  Bake the cookies 18 to 20 minutes, until the edges are golden. If the cookies split open while they bake, gently press the edges together while they're cooling. Let cool completely before decorating with petals. See directions on next page.





Share these colorful cookie pops with a friend on a rainy day.

Pretty Petals

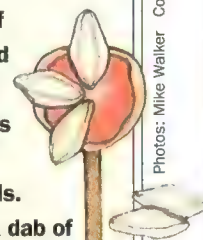
You will need:

- 15 large marshmallows
- 1 tube icing, any color
- 1 tube yellow icing
- Scissors or kitchen shears
- 2½ yards green ribbon
- Ruler

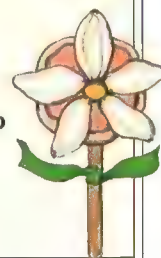
1 Wash the scissors and dry them. Snip each marshmallow into 4 slices as shown.



2 Cover the face of a cookie with colored icing. Carefully press 5 marshmallow slices into the frosting to look like flower petals. Fill the center with a dab of yellow icing.



3 Cut a 7-inch piece of ribbon. Tie it around the stick to look like leaves. Do the same with the other cookies. ★



The Puppy Sister

By S. E. Hinton

Illustrated by Jacqueline Rogers

Aleasha the puppy has a big surprise in store for Nick and his family!



adapted from the book *The Puppy Sister*

I didn't say I wanted a dog. I said a brother or sister might have been nice."

That's the first thing I can remember Nick saying.

Nick doesn't remember coming home from the hospital when he was born, but I remember coming home from the farm. That is the first happening I can remember. And Nick's first words.

"Well, it looks like there's not going to be a brother or sister, so a puppy will have to do," Mom answered.

I was in my travel kennel, a kind of box with bars at one end. Even though I could see out, there wasn't much to see. Just the back of the front seat, but I didn't care because there were too many sounds. And too many smells—gasoline, Nick, Nick's Cheetos, Mom and Dad, and then bursts of smells as we passed farms and ranches and towns.

I had never been in a car and I was very frightened.

Mom said, "Nick, she's whimpering because she's scared. Pet her a little."

"No way," Nick said. "It'll probably bite me."

"*She*," Mom said. "Not *it*. She's a puppy *person*."

"Well, O.K. But she better not bite," he said. His fingers came through the bars and I licked them. They tasted cheesy and very good. His hand smelled so friendly!

Right then, I knew I wanted Nick to be my friend. Why didn't he want to be friends with me?

Mom," Nick said one day, "Aleasha's annoying me."
He had a bunch of little men on the floor, moving them around, making them talk and hit each other. I certainly didn't see any fun in that.

I picked one up. Then I knew why Nick liked

them. They were wonderful to chew! My teeth were so itchy all the time, and these were the best! They felt great on my itchy teeth!

It was bliss, until I heard Nick scream, "No! Aleasha!" He was hitting and kicking at me, angry and red in the face! He was so mad he missed, but I cowered anyway.

"Honey, don't. She's just a baby, she didn't know she was chewing up your toys."

"That was a He-man! They don't make those anymore! I don't see why we had to get an old puppy anyway!"

"Nick, it is hard when you get a new family member. But it'll be worth it, having a puppy sister, you'll see. She'll be your best friend someday."

"Sure," Nick muttered.

Then, the day Mom took me to the vet's for my shots, I discovered the real reason Nick was so mad.

"How was your trip to the vet's?" Miss Kitty asked me. Miss Kitty was part of the family, too, even though she wasn't human.

"It was scary," I said. I was sniffing around the house. "But not nearly as bad as you said."

Miss Kitty rubbed herself along the closet door frame. "It's horrible. I hate it! I meow until Mom gets tears in her eyes."

I stopped in the closet and took a deep breath. It smelled so much like Dad! His shoes smelled wonderful. Just like his toes did in the evening when he sat down to read the paper.

"Well, I didn't make Mom cry at the vet's," I said. "I just shook a little."

But I wasn't interested in remembering the vet's. I liked *now*. I lay down and started nibbling on the heels of Dad's shoes. Suddenly, I jumped up.

"What's that?"

There was a strange animal in the room! I



couldn't help it, I did a little business on the carpet and let out a bark.

"It's a mirror, silly."

"Do they bite?"

The animal stared straight back at me. I sniffed and sniffed but it didn't have a smell!! An animal without a smell! I barked again and it opened its mouth, but no sound came out.

"Aleasha," Miss Kitty said, "that's you."

Then I saw Miss Kitty sitting next to it. What I'd thought was a window was just a picture of the whole closet.

"That can't be me!" I was horrified. "The nose is all wrong. Look at those ears! And I can't be that furry!"

I threw back my head and howled.

"Well, goodness gracious," said Miss Kitty.

"What did you think you looked like?"

"I thought I looked, well, more like Nick, only a girl!" I whined. No wonder Nick got annoyed with me! "Am I going to stay looking like this?"

"Only bigger," Miss Kitty said. "You'll change into a dog."

I swiftly made a plan.

"Oh, no I won't," I said. "I'm going to change into a person, like Nick. Only a girl. Then I'll get to go where he goes and eat at the table and we can play more things. Why didn't you ever think of that?"

"Excuse me." Miss Kitty arched her back. "I am a *cat*." She stuck her tail in the air and stalked off. I didn't pay any attention. I was deciding things.

"Those ears. They'll have to come down. And the nose is going to be a whole lot shorter.

"I'll have to quit running around on all fours like this. And that fur..." I frowned.

Fingers, toes. Elbows. Knees. At least I didn't have much of a tail to get rid of. Talking. That was going to be the hard part. That would take practice.

There was no way I could say "Mom." My lips couldn't move that way yet. When I tried, all that came out was a howl. "Ooouuu."

But after a few weeks, I was getting close to "Nick." I sat and said "nnkk" to him one day while he watched TV and he made me go outside because he thought I was going to barf.

Boy, it made me mad. The way it was going I'd turn completely human and still be wearing a collar and eating dog food.

Then Nick went off to soccer practice, after I'd worked so hard, and I had to stay home.

I felt like biting someone. I saw Nick's SEGA game. I grabbed it in my mouth and chewed and growled and shook the controls. Nick was having fun and here I was. . . .

"Aleasha Ann Davidson!"

I froze. Nick stood in the door. He ran to me and grabbed the controls.

"Bad dog!"

Nick looked very big when he was angry. I stared down at the floor. I felt so guilty!

"You knew what you were doing, didn't you? You did it on purpose!" Nick glared at me. I nodded. I had done it on purpose.

"Aleasha?" Nick's voice changed. "Did you nod?" He smelled surprised. I looked at him.

"And—And—" he stammered. "You won't do that again, will you?"

I shook my head.

Nick tossed his ruined controls away and knelt down beside me.

"Aleasha, do you understand everything I'm saying?"

I nodded and jumped into his lap.

"Wow!" He held my head and looked at me.

"You must be the smartest dog in . . . wait a sec!"

"Your ears are different," he said finally. "And your muzzle's not as long. . . ."

Nick sat back and stared. "This is so weird. This is so weird! It almost looks like . . . Aleasha, are you turning into a human?"

He knew! Finally, somebody knew! I was so happy I wanted to flip on my back and kick, but instead I put both paws on his chest, looked him straight in the eye, and grinned.

"Nick," I said quite clearly. "Nick."

One afternoon, Nick finally decided to break the news to Mom and Dad. I had practiced talking for days, and was quite good. Nick thought so, too. So we were both a little surprised when Dad just stared and Mom suddenly went to sleep on the kitchen floor.

"Nick," Mom said when she woke up. "Nobody

can know about this but us."

"Can't I even take her to show-and-tell?"

"No, Nick, we're not going to turn her into a freak show or a science experiment. When we brought Aleasha home to live with us, we were taking the responsibility of giving her the happiest life possible, just as we did when we brought you home."

"What happens when she's finished this transformation?" Dad asked. "Where's she supposed to have come from, the cabbage patch?"

"We'll keep her hidden," Mom said firmly, "until she's through changing. And we'll start telling people we're thinking about adopting. Then, that's where we got her. We adopted."

"Yes. Yes. Yes!"

I rolled over on my back and kicked the air. I was so happy.



Talk about a lot of brothers and sisters—in 1944, an American foxhound had 23 puppies. That's the largest litter on record!

Manners! It was bad enough to learn manners when I was a puppy—"No, no, no, Aleasha! Do your business outside. *Outside!*" And now, "No, no, no, Aleasha! Do your business in the potty!"

In the yard, in the potty—I wished they'd make up their minds! And even though I still looked pretty much like a dog, Mom was afraid to let me out much.

"Mom," Nick said one Saturday. "Can I take 'Leasha for a walk?"

"Yes!" I yelped, jumping up and down. "Yes!"

I always did that when I heard the word *walk*. It was one of the first words I'd learned.

"I don't know," Mom said. "It might be dangerous. She still looks like a puppy, but sort of a strange one. She might forget to act like one. She might scare someone."

"Why would a puppy acting like a kid scare somebody?"

Mom said, "Because it doesn't happen nearly as often as a kid acting like a puppy. Be careful. And put on her leash."

Nick and I raced up the block.

A lady came running down the street. Her running was funny, not fast but not slow.

"What doing?" I whispered to Nick. (My talking still wasn't perfect.)

"Jogging."

"Why?"

"For fun, I think. Or she's afraid she's too fat." Her face was red and she was panting and it didn't look like fun to me, and she certainly wasn't fat. I was curious.

"Hi, Mrs. Scott," Nick said.

"Oh, what a sweet little dog," she said as she came by. "What kind is it?"

An "it"! How rude!

She stayed in one place, but kept running. Staying in one place but still running! That was interesting. I watched to see how she did it. I tried it, picking up my feet fast, like running, but stayed in place. It was kind of fun. I bounced up and down. Jog. Jog. Jog.

She slowed down.

I slowed down.

She stopped and I stopped.

She stared at me, which was not good manners, but I smiled to show I didn't mind. And stared back.

"What kind is it?" she asked again. Her voice sounded funny.

"An imitation dog," Nick said suddenly.

"Imitation dog?" Mrs. Scott asked.

But I was an Australian shepherd!

"I mean, imitating dog," Nick said. "They do what you do. Kind of a rare breed."

I trotted off beside him, but when I glanced back at the lady, she was standing in the street staring at us, not jogging any more.

The weather got warmer. The days got longer. And I got itchy—especially when I started wearing clothes. I squirmed around at the dinner table. At night I fell out of bed, scratching in my sleep.

And my fur came out in handfuls.

"You look like a skinned rabbit," said Nick.

My hair was black. My eyes stayed gold brown like they always had been. I spent a lot of time in front of the mirror that spring. Who was this?

I was a girl. A real human girl. I could go to school, start ballet lessons, go to the park with Nick, go to the ball games with Dad, go shopping with Mom. For some reason, though, Nick wasn't as happy about all this as I was.

"I'm not trying on any more clothes!" Nick





announced one day in the department store. "And I'm sick of standing around the dressing room while Aleasha does."

"Well, I love trying on clothes!" I said. Mom was loaded down with shirts, jeans, and swimsuits, mostly for me.

Mom said, "Let's go eat."

We sat in the food court of the mall. Full of smells! Pizza and hot dogs, Chinese food, hamburgers and cookies! I had a hard time sitting still. A new smell would hit me, and I'd twist around, trying to see what it was.

"Can we go home now?" Nick asked.

Before Mom could answer, a lady stopped by our table. Uh-oh.

"Hello, Susan," she said to Mom. She kept staring at me. "Hi, Nicky, who is this?"

It was Mrs. Scott. I squirmed around. She stared

at me so hard. Why didn't she have any manners?

"This is Aleasha," Mom said proudly. "Our new little girl."

"What a bright-eyed little thing!"

I gave her a big, faky grin. Then I cringed and clapped my paw over my mouth.

I was imitating her again.

Boy, was she staring now!

"How old are you, honey?" she asked.

I froze. What was I supposed to say?

"It's about one," Nick said. Nick had blue eyes, like the night sky with stars out, but you couldn't tell when they were this narrow.

"The adoption took a year to complete. She's about Nick's age," Mom said. "But it already seems like she's been with us most of her life."

Mom gave Nick a you're-about-to-be-in-trouble look.

"Well, Aleasha, where do you come from?"

Mrs. Scott asked me.

"Home," I said. I wished I was there, too.

"Australia," Nick said.

"What?"

"Her biological parents were Australian,"

Mom put in.

"Shepherds," Nick said. "Australian shepherds."

Mrs. Scott looked very surprised.

"Sheep ranchers," Mom explained. "The actual adoption took place in Texas. It's a long and complicated story, but the important thing is she's part of the family now." Mom got up. "Come on kids, let's go."

We weren't finished shopping, but I wanted to go. There was something scary in Nick's voice.

"Well," Mom said when we were in the car.

"What was that all about, mister?"

"I don't care!" Nick burst out. "Aleasha, Aleasha, Aleasha! Everything is for Aleasha! I don't know why I have to have a sister anyway! I

just wanted a dog!"

"Liar! You said you didn't want a puppy!" I couldn't growl because my throat was too tight. "On the way home from the farm you said you wanted a sister."

"Whatever," Nick muttered. "Everything was fine before."

Nick didn't want me? I looked at him and he was scowling. I tried to smell his feelings, but my nose was all stuffy and my throat choked me. All of a sudden there was water pouring down my face.

"What is it?" I choked. "What's happening?"

"You're crying, honey, because your brother is being mean to you. I wish I could say this will be the only time, but it won't be."

"I'm sorry, Aleasha, I didn't mean it." Nick put his arm around me and patted me. "Don't cry."

I looked up. "This is crying?" I sobbed. "Oh, wonderful!" Nick stared at me.

"Hey," Nick said, "crying's not wonderful."

"Yes it is," I wailed. In a strange way, it felt good.

"It is not."

"It is."

And finally Mom yelled, "Stop it!" so we did.

A few days later, Nick and I were up in the fort, playing X-Men. Nick was a supermutant wolverine hero.

"You'll be Mutant Girl, my faithful sidekick," Nick said.

"No," I said. "I'll be your faithful sidekick, Aleasha Ann Davidson."

"Aleasha! You said you'd play X-Men with me if I played ball with you."

"I will. But I'll be super sidekick Aleasha Ann Davidson. I worked hard to be her. I don't want to be anyone else."

"Okay." Nick gave in. He handed me a sword

and we battled villains off the fort for a while. Nick was still fighting, making sword noises, when I stopped and looked at our house.

It was almost dark. Through the patio doors I could see Mom in the kitchen. Dad was on the couch, watching the news. His sock had a hole and his toe stuck out. The lights in the house looked golden against the coming nighttime. I thought of all the strange things that had happened to me this year. Some were funny, and some were hard. And it was worth it.

I had such a glad feeling. I jumped up and down. "Oh, Nick, our house. . ." Looks? Smells? Feels? . . . "Our house is so happy!"

"You're nuts, Aleasha."

"It is, it is!" I threw my arms around Nick and we fell off the fort into a pile of leaves.

"I love you, brother!"

"Yuck!" Nick pushed me off. He wiped his face with his sleeve. "I hate kisses!"

We stood up. He was scowling, but I have a secret I haven't told even Mom. I can still smell love.

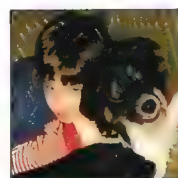
I put one hand on each side of his face and looked him straight in the eyes.

"I promise. No more kisses."

Then I leaned over and gave him a big, sloppy, wet lick on the nose. ★

Meet the Author's Dog

The Real Aleasha!



Nick and Aleasha

I have lived with Nick, Mom, and Dad since I was a puppy. Although I haven't changed physically as much as I do in my story, everyone agrees that I am just one of the family!



The Giggle Gang



Rainy-Day Rhymes

At least 12 pairs of rhyming words are pictured in this scene.
To find them, look both high and low—and everywhere in between!



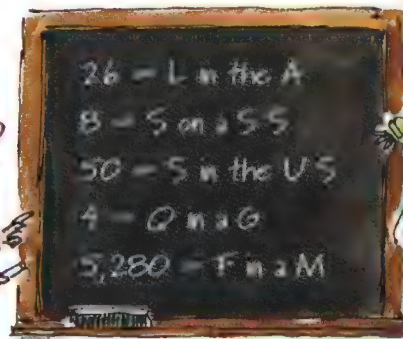
Crazy Equations



Each of these equations is a kind of code for a well-known fact. Can you figure out what each number stands for, using the letters as clues? For example:

24 = H in the D

24 hours in the day



to the sad rabbit? "Are you having a bad hare day?"

Sara Gaultille
Age 10, Coppell, Texas

What did the baby chicken say to its mother before going

All answers on page 44.

What is a Slinky's favorite season? Spring.

Michelle Reid
Age 10, Decatur, Georgia

What do you call flowers that are really good friends? Best buds.

Cydney Coates
Age 10, Maquoketa, Iowa

What did the barber say

Bone-a-fide Maze

Help Fido find her way through the bone to her dish.



Who's It?

Last fall, we asked girls to write their own rhymes for choosing who's **It** when they're playing games. Here's our favorite:



As I climbed up the apple tree
All the apples fell on me
Someone shook them, and I knew
The one who did was Y-O-U!

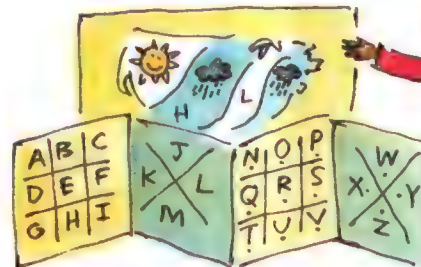
Shannon Holiman
Age 10, El Granada, California



AG Code

Use the decoder to unscramble the answer to the riddle below. Look for other coded messages in future issues!

Riddle: How do you wrap a present for a meteorologist?



V □ □ □ □
 W _ _ _ _
 □ □ □ □ □
 _ _ _ _ _



bed? "I'm egg-zhausted!" Tara Beutler
Age 7, Sherman, Connecticut

What does an invisible cat drink? Evaporated milk.

Nicole Taylor
Age 11, Fair Oaks, California

Why are

flowers so lazy? Because you'll always find them in beds. Patty Winters
Age 9, Fergus Falls, Minnesota

What does a duck do when he flies upside down? He quacks up. Michelle Amolon
Age 13, Avon, Connecticut

The Giggle Gang



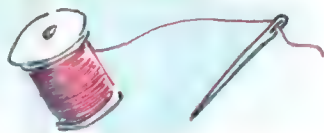
April Fool!

Try this April Fool's trick on a friend.

You'll need:



Shirt with a pocket



Small spool of thread

Sewing needle

Thread the needle, but don't cut the thread. Place spool and needle in your pocket. Push the needle through the pocket until it comes through the outside. Remove needle, leaving a thread hanging from the pocket.



With your hands full—so it looks like you can't do it yourself—ask a friend to pull off the "loose" thread. It'll go on and on! That's when you say, "I pulled one on you! April fool!"

Tricky Titles

Each phrase below is a clue to the title of a children's book. The first letter of each word in the clue is also the first letter of each word in the book's title. We've solved the first one for you.

1. My Favorite Filly

M y F r i e n d F l i c k a

2. A Lost Papa

A L _____
P _____



3. Laura "Half-pint" Ingalls Then Became Wilder

L _____ H _____
I _____ T _____ B _____
W _____

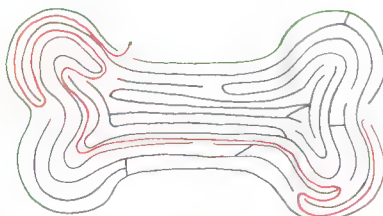


4. Kids Group Incorporated

K _____ G _____
I _____



Answer Box



Bone-a-fide Maze:

Crazy Equations: 26 letters in the alphabet, 8 sides on a stop sign, 50 states in the United States, 4 quarts in a gallon, 5,280 feet in a mile.
AG Code: With a rain-bow!
Tricky Titles: 1. My Friend Flicka, 2. A Little Princess, 3. Little House in the Big Woods, 4. Kristy's Great Idea.

The Buzzword, concoction, is on page 25.
Rainy-Day Rhymes: hat and cat, boot and hoot, coat and boat, girl and curl, tree and bee, house and mouse, door and ear, chair and bear, hair and bear, rain and plane, dog and frog, dog and log, frog and log.

What dog is always quiet? A hush puppy. Laura Below What has 18 legs and is good at catching flies? A baseball team.

Age 10, Scotrun, Pennsylvania

Why can't a bicycle stand by itself? Because it's two tired. Emily Wright Why did the hen lay an egg? Because if she dropped it, it would break.

Age 11, Provo, Utah

Heather Murphy Age 8, Rogers, Minnesota

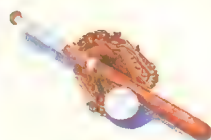
Josie Seymour What do you call a chicken that crosses the road, jumps in a puddle, and goes back across the road? A dirty double-crosser. Penny Dim

Age 11, Alcolu, South Carolina

Age 12, New London, Wisconsin

Who's That Girl?

Here's an American girl of yesterday. Read the clues about her and guess who she became when she grew up.



Clue 1

One of my favorite ways to spend a Saturday was watching my mother play softball for a team in our small Texas town. My family would go to the ballpark early in the morning and stay until evening.



Clue 2

I followed my older brothers everywhere. I always wanted to do what they were doing—playing basketball, riding bikes, and popping wheelies!



Clue 3

I loved sports! Basketball, volleyball, and softball were my favorites. I played dolls with a few friends sometimes, but I didn't think it was much fun.

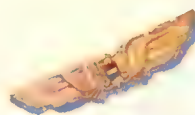


Clue 4

I was always one of the tallest girls in the class. It was O.K. being taller than most of the girls, but sometimes I was taller than the boys, and that bothered me.



Here I am at age 10 in 1981.



Clue 5

I dreamed about one day becoming a flight attendant. Flying all over the world seemed like a fantastic job!

Take a guess!

When she grew up, this American girl became:

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> a sportswriter | <input type="checkbox"/> a model |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a basketball player | <input type="checkbox"/> an astronaut |

Turn the page and find out if you're right!

She's Sheryl Swoopes



Air Swoopes

From the first time Sheryl Swoopes played basketball at age seven, she knew she was hooked. But this 25-year-old superstar never dreamed she'd become a professional basketball player. Now she's on the U.S.A. women's basketball team—and even has Nike shoes named after her! So move over, Air Jordans, here come Air Swoopes!

As a girl, Sheryl started playing basketball with her brothers because she didn't want to be left out. She remembers a time when they wouldn't let her play because she was a girl. Now they all have a good laugh about it.

Though Sheryl always loved basketball,

she didn't take the game seriously until high school. "I realized that I had been blessed with a talent that not many people have," she says. She also knew that if she played well enough, she'd be able to attend college on a basketball scholarship.

Sheryl did just that—and graduated from Texas Tech University in 1993. Known for her quickness and shooting ability, she was honored with nearly every major award in women's basketball, including National Player of the Year!

Today, you'll find Sheryl busy training with the U.S.A. women's basketball team. She hopes to be one of the players who actually play in the Olympics this summer. And as for being six feet tall, Sheryl loves it now. In fact, you might say her height helps Sheryl keep reaching for the stars! ★



Sheryl takes a shot in a college game.

**Write to Sheryl at
Advantage International
Management
1751 Pinnacle Drive
McLean, Virginia 22102**



Sheryl's advice to American girls:

"Being good at something takes practice. Even if you miss nine out of ten shots—keep shooting! Always remember, you'll miss 100 percent of the shots you never take!"

Sheryl Swoopes #7 USA

HELP!

Dear American Girl,

My mother is always making me clean my room. It's my room, and my things, so why shouldn't I have it as clean or as messy as I want?

Annoyed and Confused

Sure, it's your room, but what you do—or don't do—with it can affect others. So you and your mom need to agree on some ground rules. Together, make a list of what absolutely must be done, and how often. Should the dirty clothes be in the hamper once a week so Mom can wash them? Should your games be off the floor every Saturday so Dad can vacuum? Stay on top of the important things, and your mom may be willing to live with some creative clutter.



Dear American Girl,

Some of my friends treat me like a spare tire that you stick into a trunk until you need it to fix a flat. They treat me badly, and when they are bored, they want to play with me. What do I do?

Spare Tire



By playing with these kids, you are giving them the message that their unkind behavior is O.K. So get busy playing with your other friends or doing fun things by yourself. Make up your mind that you won't drop everything to hang out with these friends when they decide to call. If they see you're not just waiting around for them, they may begin to treat you with more respect.



Dear American Girl,

I'm nine years old, and I love babies and little kids. But I can't babysit. I know I'm responsible, but my parents won't let me!

Impatient to get older

Even though it may be too soon for you to babysit, you don't have to sit on the sidelines! Ask if you

can be a parents' helper instead, watching and playing with young kids when their moms or dads are at home. It's a great way to learn about babysitting—and earn money, too.



Dear American Girl,

My mother and father are divorced, and they still fight! My mom says my dad doesn't care about anyone but himself. When I go to my dad's, he says, "She's just saying that so you won't like me." Who should I believe?

which one?

A divorce ends a marriage, but it doesn't always put an end to the angry feelings parents have. And now that they're living apart, your parents are carrying on their fight through you. Luckily, it's not your job to sort out who's right and who's wrong. When your parents criticize each other, tell them it hurts your feelings. Tell them you want to stay out of the argument. If they keep putting you in the middle, just keep reminding yourself that parents aren't like sports teams: you don't have to choose a side.

MORE HELP!

Dear American Girl,

I talk TOO much! I talk my family's ears off! My sister and brother call me "Jibber Jabber."

Jibber Jabber

Being talkative isn't all bad! In fact, talkative people are often popular because they're, well, easy to talk to. So don't feel you have to clam up. Just learn to watch people's faces when you talk. Do they look bored? Do they seem eager to say something? If so, stop yourself. Ask them, "What do you think?" Then listen to the answer. No one will complain that you're a champion talker if you're a first-rate listener, too.



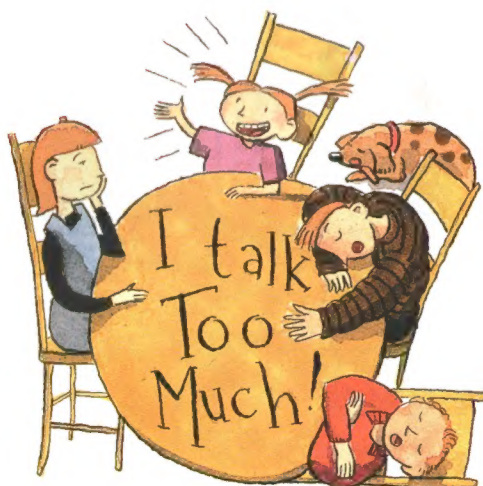
Dear American Girl,

I have dreams about bad things I've done in the past—things I haven't told my parents. I wake up and my mind says to tell. But I say, "No, I'll get in trouble."

What should I do?

Wide Eyed at Bedtime

Tell. That voice you hear is your conscience, and it's saying you should get what you've done off your chest. Your parents may be



angry for a time, but they'll be glad you had the courage to confess. And no punishment they give can be as bad as the one you're living with now.



Dear American Girl,

My sister is pretty, popular, good at sports, and makes everyone laugh. I'm ugly, horrible at sports, and have only a few friends. I try to make everyone laugh, but no one does. How can I be more like my sister?

Geeky

Why not try being more like yourself? You're focusing so hard on what's great about your sister that you're blind to what's great about you. Take your eyes off her and look inside yourself. You may find you like science or art better than

sports anyway. Or that you're better at quiet talks with friends than cracking jokes with a crowd. Develop your own talents, and you'll soon see the truth: there's more than one star in the sky, and more than one way to shine.



Advice from You

"I have a tip for any girls who are distracted by television and don't get their homework done. At the beginning of each week, ask your parents to give you \$4 in quarters. Each time you watch a half-hour show, pay a quarter back to your parents. At the end of the week, you get to keep the quarters you didn't spend on TV."

Emily Meier

Age 12, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania

Need advice? Write:
Help!

AmericanGirl

8400 Fairway Place
Middleton, WI 53562



My Children, by W. Herbert Dunton, 1922

Imagine *you and your brother are up before the sun.*

It's 1922, and you and your brother, Ivan, are off on an early morning adventure into the mountains of New Mexico.

In years past, you spent many happy days here, exploring the hills of Taos with your pony, Pet. But last year your parents got divorced and moved apart from each other. Now everything is different.

Last year, this beautiful valley was your home. This year, it's your father's home, and you can

only visit on vacations. You even have to ride a bigger horse now because you outgrew Pet over the winter! Things are changing too fast.

Luckily, one thing never seems to change: the mountains. As you gaze at them in the cool dawn light, you notice how strong they seem. They look like they could last through anything, and just seeing them again makes you feel like maybe you can, too. "C'mon," you call to Ivan. "Let's keep going!" ★

A photograph of the back of a young girl with brown hair in a ponytail, wearing a bright yellow t-shirt. She is holding a pink and silver bicycle helmet under her left arm. The background is a blue sky with white clouds. A large white rectangular box is in the top left corner.

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